

THE WASHINGTONIAN.

VOLUME 1.

Devoted to Total Abstinence, Morals, Education, Literature, Useful Arts, Domestic Economy, and General Intelligence.

NUMBER 12.

Strictly Teetotal, and Exclusive of all Matters of a Political or Sectarian Character, and of all Advertisements of Intoxicating-drink-selling Establishments.

BY GEORGE COCHRAN & CO.]

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ONE SQUARE, one insertion, FIFTY cents, or FOUR
insertions for ONE DOLLAR.
ONE SQUARE, 3 months \$2 50
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Longer advertisements in proportion.
FOURTEEN lines, or under, called a square.
BUSINESS CARDS, of SIX LINES, will be
conspicuously inserted for FOUR DOLLARS per year,
in advance.
Apothecaries, Stationers and others, wishing a
column or half column, will be accommodated at the
lowest rates.

POETICAL FOUNT.

"Here Nature's minstrels quaff inspiring draughts."
THE WASHINGTONIAN CALL.
TUNE—When I can read my title clear.
Come, join the Washingtonians,
Ye young men bold and strong,
And with a proud and cheering zeal,
Come help the cause along:
O, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful;
O, that will be joyful, when young men drink no more,
When young men drink no more:
"Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
When young men drink no more.
Come, join the Washingtonians,
Ye men of riper years,
And save your wives and children dear
From want and bitter fears:
O, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful;
O, that will be joyful, when strong men drink no more,
When strong men drink no more:
"Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
When strong men drink no more.
Come, join the Washingtonians,
Ye men of hoary heads,
And end your days with temperance
Its peaceful influence sheds:
O, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful;
O, that will be joyful, when old men drink no more,
When old men drink no more:
"Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
When old men drink no more.
Come, join the Washingtonians,
Ye dames and maidens fair,
And breathe around us, in our path,
Affection's hallowed air:
O, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful;
O, that will be joyful, when woman cheers us on,
When woman cheers us on, to conquests not yet won;
"Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
When woman cheers us on.
Come, join the Washingtonians,
Ye who distil and sell
The poison that destroys the health,
And brings the fatal spell:
O, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful;
O, that will be joyful, when the STILL is worked no
more—
When the STILL is worked no more, in all our happy
shore;
"Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
When the STILL is worked no more.
Come, join the Washingtonians,
Ye sons and daughters, all,
Of this our own America,
Come at the friendly call:
O, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful;
O, that will be joyful, when all shall proudly say—
When all shall proudly say, "Away the bowl, away!"
"Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
When all shall own our sway.

The following lines were taken from an old
work, that is well adapted to some of the present
day. How many become so stuck up with their
wealth as to forget that they stand upon the same
platform with the more unfortunate. Listen to
the poet's description of a grave scene:

A DREAM.

"I dreamed that buried in my fellow clay,
Close by a common beggar's side I lay—
And as so mean a neighbor shocked my pride,
Thus like a corpse of consequence I cried:
Scoundrel, begone, and henceforth touch me not—
More manners learn, and at a distance rot.
Now, scoundrel, in a haughtier tone cried he,
Proud lump of earth, I scorn thy word and thee;
Here all are equal, now the case is mine,
This is my rotting place, and that is thine."

SAFETY-BONDS.

"The pledge tee-total has its millions sav'd."
GENERAL PLEDGE.
We promise to abstain from all intoxicating drinks,
and to discountenance the cause and practice of
Intemperance.

**PLEDGE OF THE JUVENILE COLD WATER
ARMY OF THE DISTRICT.**
This youthful band
Do with our hand,
The pledge now sign
To drink no Wine,
Nor Brandy red
To turn the head,
Nor Whiskey hot
That makes the sore,
So here we pledge unceasing hate,
To all that can intoxicate.

PLEDGE OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.
I, without reserve, solemnly pledge my honor as a
man, that I will neither make, buy, sell, nor use as a
beverage, any Spirituous or Malt Liquors, Wine, or
Cider.

**PLEDGE OF THE UNITED BROTHERS OF
TEMPERANCE.**
No brother shall make, buy, sell, or use, as a beverage,
any Spirituous or Malt Liquors, Wine or Cider.

POPULAR SELECTIONS.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

THE TUTOR AND THE PROPRIETOR. AN AMUSING STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "GREAT METROPOLIS."

We passed pretty near a house which was
a short time ago the scene of an incident which,
in the hands of a skilful novelist, might be so
spun out as to make the orthodox three volumes.
In that house there lived—I am not sure that
he does not still reside there—an eccentric old
rich landed proprietor. His own dress and
manners were plain, and his modes of life home-
ly; but, intending a handsome fortune for each
of his family—two sons and a daughter—it was
his great ambition to give them a first rate edu-
cation. The daughter, being the eldest, had
returned from one of the first boarding schools,
quite an accomplished lady. He doated on her,
and fully made up his mind that she should
either be married to a man of rank and impor-
tance in the world, or not married at all. For
the two sons, as he said, that they might be
educated under his own eye, and that he might
see that full justice was done to them, he em-
ployed a talented young man, whom the old
eccentric gentleman constantly lauded to the
skies for his exceeding modesty of manner.

Things went on for a season as smoothly as
either party could wish, the tutor growing ev-
ery hour in the good grace of his patron. He
became, in fine, a confirmed favorite, and was,
in every respect, "treated as one of the family."
One day after dinner, the modest tutor, (there
being no one present but themselves,) said to
the old gentleman, in hesitating accents, scarce-
ly venturing to raise his head as he spoke, that
he wished to consult him confidentially for a
few moments, on a very important and delicate
matter, and to get his advice as to how he ought
to act in the peculiar circumstances in which
he was placed.

"Quite ready to hear you, sir, and to give you
the best advice in my power," observed the
other, who had always been remarkable for his
rough, blunt manner of speaking.

"I really do not know how to begin, I'm
almost afraid to mention the thing to you," re-
marked the tutor, tying and untying a piece of
twine in his fingers, on which he kept his eyes
thoughtfully fixed.

"Oh, don't be afraid, sir, out with it. It's
nothing horrible, I hope."

"Oh, dear, no."

"Well, then, let us hear it at once."

"It's about an affair of the heart."

"Ah! an affair of the heart! Ah, I see you
young men know something about these mat-
ters. It's long since I had an affair of the heart,
though I have plenty of other "affairs" far
more serious; but young men must be young
men; yes, they must. Come tell us all about
this affair of the heart. This love story—this
affair of the heart; you have fallen in love with
some pretty girl, and wish to marry her, I sup-
pose."

"The tutor owned the soft impeachment.

"Well, and why not marry her?"

"That's just the point about which I wished
to consult you."

"Is she an amiable girl?"

"The very perfection of every thing that is
morally good, and mentally excellent."

"So, so. And belongs to a respectable
family?"

"A very respectable family. Indeed, she
moves in a better sphere of life than myself,
and her family are so respectable, that any gen-
tleman might and would be proud to be con-
nected with it."

"Then why, you spalpeen, don't you marry
her at once?" said the old man, raising his
right leg, and placing it on an adjacent chair.

"But I have not yet obtained the consent of
her father," replied the tutor, speaking in a
seemingly subdued and timid tone, and not
having courage enough to look his patron in the
face.

"Then why, sir, don't you obtain it?"

"I'm afraid to ask it."

"Why afraid to ask? Don't be a coward."

"I'm afraid, because she assures me that she
knows her father would never give his con-
currence for my marriage with one who is entirely
without means, and has nothing but his educa-
tion and good moral character to recommend
him."

"Does she speak confidently on the point?"

"Oh, most confidently. She is quite pos-
itive."

"Quite sure, eh?"

"Perfectly certain."

"No chance of the father yielding?"

"Not the slightest."

"Is he an old man?"

"He is advanced in years."

"Then, sir, he must be an old fool. Do I
know this stupid piece of antiquity?"

"Intimately."

"And for some time?"

"For very many years."

"Do he and his daughter reside in this
neighborhood?"

"They do."

"Is it a fair question to ask the old idiot's
name?"

"I would rather not mention it in existing
circumstances."

"Oh, very good, very good. I would not
press you, not by any means—I say!"

"The love struck tutor was all attention.

"Listen to me, sir. Lend me your ears."

"I will, with the greatest pleasure."

"What I am going to say is worth hearing."

"I am anxious to hear it."

"I'll tell you what you'll do."

"I shall be most grateful for your advice
in so trying a situation as that in which I am
placed."

"I'm afraid of offending the old gentleman,
her father."

"Oh! the old gentleman, her father. Never
mind him, if you can get the girl herself."

"And would you really advise me to run
away with her? I would not like to take so
important a step without your approval."

"Would I advise you? I do advise you, and
let it be done directly, sir. Why, sir, you
have no pluck or spirit about you, or you would
have done it before now. Thunder and light-
ning! old as I am, sir, I would do it myself.
You do it at once."

"I was anxious to consult you on so delicate
a matter."

"Well, sir, you now know my opinion and
have got my advice. Don't be faint-hearted,
sir, get up early and elope with the lady to-
morrow morning; and take my horse and gig
for the purpose. They are quite at your ser-
vice, very much at your service."

"I am really under infinite obligations to you
for the deep interest you have taken in the
matter. I'll adopt your advice, and avail myself
of your kind offer of your horse and gig to en-
able me to carry her off."

"Do, sir, do; and mind you do it effectually.
Let there be no mistake, no failure in the mat-
ter. Success to you in your enterprise. Let me
know when you have made the young lady
your wife."

"I will, with the greatest possible pleasure."

On the following morning, the old gen-
tleman summoned his daughter, as was his cus-
tom, down to breakfast, he stationing himself
on the occasion, at the foot of the stairs. No
response was made to his first summons.

"What do you mean, you lazy, indolent
buzzy, that you don't come when you're call-
ed?" bawled the old and eccentric personage,
in the way of continuing his first call. Still
there was no answer.

"You are sound asleep, I suppose. Why don't
you get up and come down directly? Do you
hear?"

"I say, you indolent, good-for-nothing piece
of goods, why don't you?"

"Please sir, interposed an out-door man-ser-
vant, who had just entered the hall, "please
sir, I saw Miss and the tutor driving away this
morning at five o'clock, in your gig. And more
than that, please yer honor, they (horse, gig, and
all), seemed as if they were in a dreadful hurry.
They were, indeed, sir."

The old man audibly groaned, and sank down
on the stairs. The truth flashed into his mind.
It was his own daughter who had eloped with
the tutor, in obedience to his own advice, ten-
dered to the latter so emphatically on the pre-
vious day.

From the New York Tribune.

HOW A TAILOR COLLECTED A DEBT. A TRUE STORY.

Near the close of the last century, a Quaker
knight of the shears and thimble, who exer-
cised the avocation in Philadelphia, was im-
posed upon by an adroit scoundrel, who con-
trived to get a suit of clothes on credit, and
afterwards sloped without paying for them.
The Quaker was too poor to lose the debt, but
like too many others of his cloth, he had ap-
parently no other alternative. The account
was placed on his books, and soon forgotten.
Some years afterwards he was examining his
old records of debt and credit, profit and loss,
when his attention was attracted to this ac-
count, and all the circumstances attending it,
came fresh to mind. Suddenly an odd thought
suggested itself.

"I'll try an experiment," said he to himself;
"perhaps I may succeed in catching the rogue
and getting my pay."

He immediately prepared an advertisement
in substance as follows, which he inserted in
the Philadelphia Gazette: "If J— C—, who
was in Philadelphia about the month of
—, in the year 1795, will send his address
to the editor of this paper, he will hear of
something to advantage. Printers in the nei-
ghoring States are requested to copy." The lat-
ter clause was inserted from a vague suspicion
that the rogue had taken up his abode in New
York.

Having instructed the editor not to disclose
his name to the rogue, if he should call, but to
request the latter to leave his address, the
Quaker patiently awaited the result of his ex-
periment. In a short time he was informed,
by a note from the printer, that the individual
alluded to in the advertisement, having arrived
from New York, might be found at a given
place in the city.

The tailor lost no time in preparing a tran-
script of his account, not forgetting to charge
interest from the time the debt was incurred.
Taking a constable with him, who bore a legal
process suited to the occasion, he soon arrived
at the lodgings of the swindler. The constable
was instructed to stand off at a little distance
till a signal should indicate the time for him
to approach.

The Quaker now rang the bell, and when
the servant appeared, requested him to inform
the gentleman of whom he was in search, that
a friend wished to speak with him at the door.

The man obeyed the summons, and soon
both creditor and debtor were looking each
other in the face.

"How dost thou do?" kindly inquired the
Quaker. "Perhaps thou dost not know me?"

"I believe I have not had the pleasure of
your acquaintance," politely answered our
hero.

"Dost thou remember purchasing a suit of
clothes several years ago of a poor tailor, and
forgetting to pay for them?" asked the Quaker.

"O no," said the gentleman, blushing slight-
ly; "you must be mistaken in the person. It
cannot be me that you wished to find."

"Ah! John! I know thee very well. Thou
art the very man I wished to see. Thou hast
on at this moment the very waistcoat that I
made for thee. Thou must acknowledge it
was of good stuff and well made, or it could
not have lasted thee so long."

"O yes," said the gentleman, appearing
suddenly to recollect himself; "I do remember
now the circumstances to which you allude.
Yes, yes—I had intended to call and settle that
little bill before leaving Philadelphia, and you

may depend on my doing so. I have come
here to take possession of a large amount of
property which has fallen to me by will. See!
here is the advertisement which apprised me
of my good fortune."

Here he handed to the Quaker a New York
paper containing a copy of the advertisement
whose history we have given above. The
Quaker looked at it with imperturbable gra-
vity, and continued—

"Yes, I see thou art in luck, but as my de-
mand is a small one, I think I must insist on
payment before thou comest in possession of
thy large estates."

The proper signal here brought the consta-
ble into the presence of the parties. The
swindler was particularly astonished at the
appearance of this functionary, who immedi-
ately began to execute his part of the drama.

"What!" exclaimed the rogue, in an angry
tone, "you surely have not sued me?"

"Yes, I have," replied the Quaker; "and
thou shouldst be thankful that nothing worse
has happened to thee."

"Come in, then," said the debtor, finding
himself fairly caught; "come in, and I will
pay you if I must."

The three went into the house together,
and the slippery gentleman having ascertained
the amount of the bill, paid it in full.

The tailor having signed the receipt, placed
it in the hands of his late creditor, with feel-
ings such as may be readily imagined. The
swindler took it, and for the first time glanced
at the various items of which it was composed.

He said nothing till he came to the last charge,
which was "for advertising," when he broke
forth—

"Halloo! what's this? "For advertising!"
That's an odd charge in a tailor's bill. You're
cheating me."

"O no," coolly replied the Quaker, "that
is all right. I have charged thee the cost of
publishing the advertisement which thou just
showed me."

Here the swindler uttered a horrid oath, as
he demanded, "Do you mean to say that you
caused the publication of that advertisement?"

"Truly I did," replied the Quaker, with the
most provoking coolness.

"You told a—lie in it," quickly retorted
the rogue.

"Convince me of that," said the Quaker,
"and thou wilt find me ready to acknowledge
the fault."

"You said I should hear something to my
advantage, if I would come here."

"Thou art mistaken," immediately respon-
ded the Quaker; "I only promised that thou
shouldst hear of something to advantage;" and
is it not to the advantage of a poor tailor to
collect an honest debt?"

"If I can catch you in the street," said the
swindler, with an oath and in the deepest rage,
"I'll give you such a cowhiding as will not
leave the breath in your body."

"Nonsense! now," said the Quaker, "if
thou really intends to do any thing of that sort,
we had better step out into the back yard and
finish the business at once."

The rogue was completely nonplussed by
the coolness of the Quaker, and stood speech-
less and almost petrified.

"Now," said the Quaker, good-naturedly,
"let me give thee a piece of advice. When
next thou hast occasion to get a suit of clothes,
thou had better not attempt to cheat the poor
tailor, but pay him honestly, for then wilt thy
conscience not disturb thee, and thy sleep will
be sweet and refreshing. Farewell!"

There is no doubt of the literal truth of this
story, as we received it some time since from
the lips of the Quaker himself.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

PART FIRST.—THE CAUSE.

"Hand me the bottle that I may drain it of
its contents. Drink, drink and be free—free
to speak, to act, to live while we do live, and
to enjoy life whilst we have it; then, my boys,
here's to freedom!"

"Bravo! bravo!" shouted half a dozen
voices, and as many glasses were emptied;
and yet again a bottle was uncorked, and again
the sparkling wine was drank.

"Death to the fanaticism of the nineteenth
century—to those who would deprive us of
our social enjoyments. Health and long life
to those brave souls, kindred to our own, who
would drink at the ruby fount, and glory in
the sparkling wine."

This last remark came from a young man
whose manners were gay and agreeable to
some, as his words would indicate.

Lawrence Neville was the son of a city mer-
chant. He had from earliest infancy enjoyed
the company of the rich and gay—nursed, as
it were, in the arms of affluence, and cradled
in the lap of fashion. He knew not poverty,
and had never experienced the bitter pangs of
adversity.

He had acquired such a taste for wine, by
having its free use as water at his father's
table, that to deprive him of it would be to
take from him that he most loved. A few
years passed by, and the effect of a free in-
dulgence of wine began to be seen; and this, to-
gether with his wayward habits, induced his
father to send him into the country, that he
might, if possible, by having the temptation
removed, gradually relinquish those habits
which required no prophetic eye to determine,
would inevitably lead to sad results.

He had not long resided in the town of
Wrightville, when, at his request, a club was
formed, composed of a few gay and pleasure-
seeking young men like himself; a room was
hired, and, at their expense, elegantly fur-
nished.

Letters from the home of Neville, at first
had some impression on him; but his nightly
meeting of the club quite obliterated these
impressions, and in a short time the letters
were neglected or read with derision.

The time to which the commencement of
this brief narrative refers was five months after
he became a resident of W. The place was

the room above alluded to. The wine began
to have its usual effect.

"Come now, Lawrence, be civil," said one
whose regard for order and decency had not
been quite obscured in wine.

"Civility aside, and decency to Tophet,"
replied the young man, who did not seem to
relish the reprimanding remark. "Here,"
said he, after a short pause, as another bottle
was handed him, "sparkling nectar," forever,
and cigars for the same period of time—

"Landlord fill the flowing bowl!"
and charge the same to the Club of Seven."

PART SECOND.—THE EFFECT.

'Tis near midnight. The boisterous voices
of the young men are no longer heard. Sleep
has overcome them, and they lie in various
attitudes, unconscious of what passes around
them, and unable to act were they conscious.
Nothing but deep and sonorous breathing, and
the steady ticking of a mantle clock, as moment
after moment of time passes to be numbered
with those years "beyond the flood," disturbs
the silence. The lights burn dim—and feeble
the light they shed over the scenes of drunken
debauchery. Yonder, yea, all around, lie
broken bottles and remnants of old cigars;
and everything appears in the utmost disorder.

The good town folks have retired to their
respective homes, and in the image of death,
enjoy refreshing sleep. The sky is dark—no
moon looks calmly down—no twinkling star
glimmering in its high station guides the
traveller; all is dark, all is silent, save the
shrill whistle of the wind as it whirls around
the houses, and amid the leafless trees. Half
an hour has passed. What means you lurid
glare! that light increases—now the sky seems
but one vast sheet of flame, and the cry of
"fire!"—fearful at any time, but more so on
a dark night—resounds through the streets.
Higher and higher those flames arise, and
large volumes of dense smoke ascend. A
crowd gather around, and endeavor, though
in vain, to check the onward progress of the
devouring element.

The night has passed—the day dawns—and
a house lies in ruin. But is that all? The
Club is no more. Stupified by the wine, they
became unconscious of their situation, and a
lighted cigar falling upon some combustible
material, was the cause of the conflagration.

Death chose to put an end to those habits
that parental solicitude and the sad fate of
thousands could not overcome. Their remains
could hardly be distinguished from other ruins;
they were, however, at length found, and in
the churchyard of Wrightville, a small slab
informs the traveller that below lie buried the
remains of seven victims of wine, and imparts
this salutary warning, BEWARE OF THE FIRST
DROP.

THE RESPECTABILITY OF INTEMPERANCE.

This to some may be strange language—
respectability of intemperance!—but it is no
more strange than correct. If intemperance
were not respectable, it would soon be extinct.
We speak not of the respectability of drunken-
ness. Oh, no. That is loathsome—the attri-
bute of the loafer—companionship of the swine.

But after all, what is drunkenness, but simply
a part and parcel of a course of action which
necessarily constitutes a whole, call it by what-
ever name you please. A company of gen-
tlemen meet at a dinner; they are of the highest
order of society—the elite; perhaps men of
high intellectual power, as well as wealth and
fashion; they drink till the midnight hour,
when, for some, it is well that no light of day
shines in upon them. Is not the whole pro-
ceeding respectable? Was not the occasion,
the company, the place, every thing attached
to it, of the highest order? and yet it consti-
tuted a scene of intemperance. There was no
disgrace there, but rather honor—a respecta-
ble assembly. What constituted the intem-
perance? The last scene? the shout? the
hurrah? the silly speech? the lewd song? the
fight? By no means. It was the whole affair,
from the first glass to the end. If not, where
did temperance and intemperance begin?

Where did the respectability cease and the
disgrace commence? It is a connected series;
and until the whole is stamped in the public
estimation with the disgrace attached to the
close, there is little hope of wiping out this
reproach upon our country. "But, what! dis-
graceful to go to a wine party—to Mr. B.'s
dinner, or Mrs. C.'s soiree—the very tip of
respectability! It can never be made disrepu-
table to drink moderately!" Then, intem-
perance never will cease. But is it so? We
know it is otherwise. It is disreputable now,
at many of our public hotels, for a gentleman
to be seen with his bottle of brandy or bottle
of champagne; and we believe the time is
hastening, when the incipient steps of drunk-
enness—the first glass, the genteel wine party,
the Law, the Historical, and New England
dinner, graced with bacchanals—will have the
same opprobrium, if not as deep, as belongs
to those extravagant indulgences which, by com-
mon consent, exclude a man from respectable
company. And impressed with its importance,
we shall do all in our power—and we
hope we shall have the concurrence of all who
wish to see this curse eradicated from our
land—in hastening it forward.—Journal Amer-
ican T. U.

A HINT TO CONSISTENT LEGISLATORS.

We do not see why license should not be as
readily granted to our towns for the exclusive
privilege of supplying its customers with ropes,
pistols, bowie knives, dirks, &c., whenever
they have a disposition to put an end to their
existence, or to execute summary vengeance
upon those towards whom they may have a
grudge, as for selling ardent spirits. The one
is as necessary for the peace and order of the
community, and to supply actual necessities,
as the other. We presume, if such privilege
should be made a matter of money-making,
let the consequences be what they might, there
would be a plenty ready to embark in it, and
a law, perhaps, passed for their special benefit,
provided the advocating such a measure would
elevate a man to an important office.—West
Spectator.